

Medway's Murmuring Stream.

SEQUEL TO

SHANNON'S FLOW'RY BANKS.

SAME TUNE.



THE summer smil'd, soft breezes blew, and Sol's enlivening rays,
As tow'rd's the western sky they drew, glanc'd thro' the lofty sprays;
When Frederic pleas'd to tell his tale of love—oh! charming theme,
Now fought me in the flow'ry dale, near Medway's murm'ring stream.
On its green banks, without controul, with him I joy'd to rove,
Whose artless words first taught my soul the tender force of love;
His presence grac'd each village sport, his praise was all the theme;
And love and friendship held their court near Medway's murm'ring stream.

But, tho' he vow'd eternal truth, fears would my breast invade,
For Frederic was a high-born youth—and I, a humble maid;
To calm my doubts, he'd oft declare his love disdain'd all ranks,
Content his bliss with me to share, on Medway's rural banks.
Oh! transient moments! never more sweet love each pause shall fill;
For (hapless lad!) a father's power o'er-rul'd his gen'rous will.
Fearless of fortune's adverse frown, he urg'd my trembling hand,
On Medway's banks his faith to crown, then seek some distant land.

Scenes of delight no longer charm'd, no more my heart renew'd
Those pleasing thoughts fond love had form'd, and anxious hope pursu'd.
His pleading sorrows try'd in vain my firm resolves to shake;
Tho' heaven can judge how great the pain, each mutual vow to break!
This conquest gain'd, at dawn of day I fled my rural cot;
“Dear youth, (I cry'd) thy fire obey, nor grieve at my hard lot”:
Oh! sad remembrance, woe extreme! from that dread hour to this,
I've seen not him, nor Medway's stream—dear seat of former bliss!